

July 24  
1930

CENTENNIAL YEAR

1930

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'  
MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

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*“And some of you will live to go and assist in making settlements and build cities, and see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains.”—JOSEPH SMITH.*

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STORIES OF THE PIONEER TRAIL

ELDER A. WILLIAM LUND

ASSISTANT CHURCH HISTORIAN, PRESIDENT BRITISH MISSION

DURING the fall and winter of 1845-46, great persecution was heaped upon the Saints. President Brigham Young, in behalf of the people, had entered into an agreement with the mob leaders that as soon as possible, he and all his followers would remove from Nauvoo. Suggestions were made that the Saints go to Vancouver's Island or to Oregon. Judge Stephen A. Douglas, one of the committee appointed to draw up this agreement, stated that "Vancouver's Island was claimed by the United States, and he felt sure there would be no objection to its settlement or to the settlement of Oregon." Others suggested some place beyond the Rocky Mountains. All agreed that the "Mormons" must leave. This sentiment is shown from a sentence in the committee's letter of October 2nd, 1846, to President Young: "We are convinced that affairs have reached such a crisis that it has become impossible for your Church to remain in this country." Governor Ford wrote, December 29th, 1845, in a letter to Sheriff Backenstos: "I also think it is very likely that the government at Washington will interfere to prevent the 'Mormons' from going west of the Rocky Mountains. Many intelligent persons sincerely believe that they will join the British, if they go there, and be more trouble than ever, and I think this consideration is likely to influence the government."

In the face of persecution and with the knowledge that the Saints would have to leave their homes, the High Council issued,

on January 20th, 1846, instructions to all members of the Church that they intended to send in the spring a company of pioneers consisting mostly of young, hardy men to the western country. These pioneers were to find a permanent place to settle and were to take with them all kinds of farming implements, mill irons, grain and seeds. In these instructions, also, we find sentiments which express the highest type of loyal citizenship:

We also further declare for the satisfaction of some who have concluded that our grievances have alienated us from our country, that our patriotism has not been overcome by fire, by sword, by daylight nor by midnight assassinations which we have endured; neither have they alienated us from the institutions of our country.

Should hostilities arise between the government of the United States and any other power, in relation to the right of possessing the territory of Oregon, we are on hand to sustain the claim of the United States to that country. . . . We feel the injuries that we have sustained, and are not insensible of the wrongs we have suffered: Still we are Americans.

#### FORCED TO LEAVE THEIR HOMES

After making plans to try to sell their property, the Saints commenced, in February, to cross the river and turn their faces westward, ready to encounter the hardships and difficulties of the dreary and almost uninhabited regions in which they were going to make their homes.

It was not long after the first company left for the West that those who remained in Nauvoo were ill-used by the anti-"Mormons." These men who had pledged their word that the Saints might have time to dispose of their property and move from Nauvoo in peace, disregarded their agreement and commenced committing various despicable acts against the afflicted people. These disgraceful acts continued until the first part of September, 1846, when the mob issued an ultimatum to the Saints that they must leave Nauvoo. The mob did not even wait for this command to be fulfilled, but came against Nauvoo fully armed and determined to destroy all the residents of that city.

The Latter-day Saints, under Captain William Anderson, resisted as best they could. Captain Anderson and his son lost their lives in defense of their homes. Becoming convinced that the mob was determined to destroy them, the Saints entered into another treaty by which they gave up all arms and immediately commenced to leave their homes. They crossed the river and made an encampment on the banks of the Mississippi, opposite Nauvoo.

*The St. Louis Weekly Reville* gives the following vivid description of their condition:

The present condition of the expelled "Mormons," opposite Nauvoo, Illinois, appeals to humanity in tones not to be resisted. We know their

wretched state, not from report, but from eye witness, of misery which is without a parallel in this country. They are literally starving under the open heavens; not even a tent to cover them—women and children, widows and orphans, the age-stricken, the age-stricken and the toil-worn, the pauper remnant of a large community. Mr. Joseph L. Heywood, one of the trustees left to dispose of the “Mormon” property—now depreciated as to be nearly valueless—is in St. Louis, with ample certificates from the mayor of Quincy, and others, for the purpose of soliciting aid for his homeless brethren. He asks for provisions, but chiefly clothing to shield weak ones from the approaching cold. Money, of course, will be thankfully received, but only to be applied as above.

The “Mormons” desire to reach the first station of the earlier emigrants, in the west of Iowa, where a crop was planted for them and huts raised. There they will spend the winter. In the name of Christian mercy, let us not be insensible to the miserable hardship of their case. Mr. Heywood is at “Scott’s Hotel.”

What cared the mob for the suffering of these poor, homeless Saints? What did they care for the women and children whose husbands and fathers were in the United States army (the Mormon Battalion)? What did they care for these poor people who were without food or clothing? Not a tinker’s thimble. Instead, they rejoiced in the fact that they had driven the despised “Mormons” from their own homes.

#### QUAIL SENT

On the ninth day of October, 1846, when the condition of these poor Saints had reached its most terrible extreme, death and starvation staring them in the face, God, their Father, sent flocks of quail into camp. They lit upon the wagons, the beds, upon empty tables and upon the ground. Even the sick were able to catch them. Before partaking of their meal made from these quail, the whole camp knelt in prayer and thanked God who had so mercifully saved them.

This great event was seen, not only by Church members, but by others who were in the camp. Even those on board a steamboat, passing by on the river, marveled at this wonderful occurrence. The quail came more than once through this day, and followed the camp when it left the river.

The feelings of the Saints in regard to this miracle are well described by the following words, copied from a letter written by the High Council to Elders Orson Hyde and John Taylor, who were on a mission in England:

Tell ye this to the nations of the earth. Tell it to the kings and nobles and the great ones! Tell ye this to those who believe in that God who fed the children of Israel in the wilderness in the days of Moses, that they may know there is a God in the last days, and that His people are as dear to Him now as they were in those days, and that He will feed them when the house of the oppressor is unbearable, and He is

acknowledged God of the whole earth; and every knee bows and every tongue confesses that Jesus is the Christ.

#### A STRIKING PROPHECY

Many people have said that President Brigham Young did not utter a prophecy. The inspiration of the Almighty rested, on more than one occasion, upon this great and good man, and he spoke as he was led by the Spirit of the Lord.

During their encampment at Winter Quarters, President Young told the brethren that they would build a temple in the tops of the Rocky Mountains.

What more uninviting setting could a prophecy have had than this? Exiles in an Indian country, weakened in strength and numbers through the enlisting of five hundred young and able-bodied men in the army of the United States, depressed because of conditions of their beloved brethren and sisters in Nauvoo, without proper shelter or food, and with all their possessions taken from them! Surely, from human reasoning only, this prophecy could never be fulfilled.

He reiterated this statement on the 28th day of July, 1847, when, standing upon what is now the Temple Block, he struck his cane into the ground and said: "Here will be the temple of our God." This is, no doubt, the first revelation given in the valleys of the mountains. How did President Young know that the Saints would remain in this valley when they reached it? How did he know that the people would sacrifice of their time and means to build a temple? Only through revelation from God! One can readily imagine the thoughts which would arise in the minds of the people who had so recently been driven from their homes, and who had seen their beautiful temple at Nauvoo taken from them and desecrated. This land appeared to be a barren waste, and every condition seemed most uninviting; yet, in the face of these conditions, President Brigham Young, on the 14th day of February, 1853, turned over the first shovel of dirt for the foundation of the great Salt Lake Temple. This Temple was built by the sacrifice and faith of the Saints of God, so that ordinances of eternal life might be administered to the faithful.

#### WAY STATIONS—GARDEN GROVE

The exiles who left Nauvoo early in February, 1846, reached the east fork of Grand River, now Weldon Creek, Iowa, on April 24th. Here they concluded to make a temporary settlement, particularly for the benefit of those who should follow. In the afternoon of that day, President Young and Henry G. Sherwood selected a location for a settlement which Brother Sherwood commenced to survey the next day.

At a meeting held on Sunday, April 26th, it was decided that the brethren should commence immediately to make a home for

the exiles. One hundred men were selected to make rails, ten men were appointed to build fences, forty-eight to build houses, twelve to dig wells, ten to build bridges, and the remainder of the three hundred and fifty-nine working men were employed to clear the land and commence plowing and planting.

Next day, the brethren named the settlement Garden Grove, and immediately entered upon their labours. Some who could be spared from other duties went into the settlements of Missouri and exchanged horses, feather beds and other property for cows and provisions. Through this united labour, Garden Grove soon assumed the appearance of a town.

At a meeting held on Sunday, May 3rd, President Young impressed upon his hearers the need of united action, and pointed out that the Lord had inspired the making of this settlement, and that other similar places should be made farther on. He commended them for their wonderful faith and integrity. President Young worked just as hard as the others in building bridges, etc. During the following week, the fence was completed around the field, and a number of houses were built.

Again, the next Sunday, a meeting was held. Elder Jedediah M. Grant addressed the people. At this meeting, Elders Samuel Bent, Ezra T. Benson and David Fullmer were named as the presidency of the Garden Grove settlement, and Elder Charles C. Rich was appointed to take some brethren and go west and locate the next temporary settlement.

In the instructions given to Brother Bent, it is interesting to note that he was to divide the land, to see that no man had the use of ground he did not till, to tithe the Saints for the benefit of the sick and the poor, and to see that the crops were cared for.

After making complete plans for this settlement, President Young and most of the exiles started their march westward to the next location.

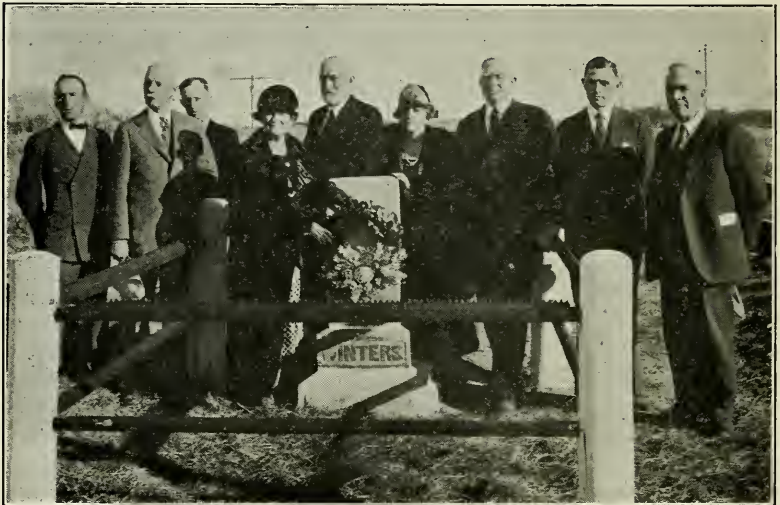
#### MT. PISGAH

Parley P. Pratt in his autobiography writes the following :

After assisting to fence this farm and build some log houses, I was dispatched ahead by the Presidency with a small company to try to find another location. Crossing this branch of the Grand River, I now steered through the vast and fertile prairies and groves without a track or anything but a compass to guide me—the country being entirely wild and without inhabitants. Our course was west, a little north. We crossed small streams daily, which, on account of deep beds and miry banks, as well as on account of their being swollen by the rains, we had to bridge. After journeying thus for several days, and while lying encamped on a small stream which we had bridged, I took my horse and rode ahead some three miles in search of one of the main forks of Grand River, which we had expected to find for some time. Riding about three or four miles through beautiful prairies, I came suddenly to some round and sloping hills, grassy and crowned with beautiful groves

of timber; while alternate open groves and forests seemed blended in all the beauty and harmony of an English park, while beneath and beyond, on the west, rolled a main branch of Grand River, with its rich bottoms of alternate forest and prairie. As I approached this lovely scenery, several deer and wolves, being startled at the sight of me, abandoned the place and bounded away till lost from my sight amid the groves.

Being pleased and excited at the varied beauty before me, I cried out, "This is Mount Pisgah." I returned to my camp, with the report of having found the long-sought river, and we soon moved on and encamped under the shade of these beautiful groves. It was now late in May, and we halted there to await the arrival of the President and Council. In a few days they arrived and formed a general encampment here and finally formed a settlement, and surveyed and enclosed another farm of several thousand acres. This became a town and resting place for the Saints for years, and is now known on the map of Iowa as a village and postoffice named "Pisga."



President and Sister Heber J. Grant and others placing a wreath on the grave of Sister Grant's grandmother, Rebecca Burdick Winters, near Lincoln, Nebraska. Sister Winters died on August 15th, 1853, while crossing the plains.

After about five days travel from Garden Grove, President Young and company arrived on the middle fork of Grand River, at the place Brother Pratt had called Mt. Pisgah.

At a meeting held in front of President Young's tent, it was decided that William Huntington be made president of the settlement at Mt. Pisgah, and that the brethren should fence a farm of about five hundred to a thousand acres, which should be divided by lot after the fencing was completed. Brother Robert Campbell was appointed postmaster and clerk of Mt. Pisgah, and the

decision was made that the land be surveyed into five, ten and twenty-acre lots.

Elder Noah Rogers, who had lately returned from a mission to the Society Islands, became very ill and died. He was the first of the Saints to be buried at this settlement.

While encamped at Mt. Pisgah, Col. James Allen came into the settlement with the historic call for five hundred volunteers to help the United States in the war against Mexico.

After leaving definite instructions how to carry on all affairs at this place President Young and many of the exiles moved westward.

President Young and the other pioneers had fully determined to reach the Rocky Mountains in 1846, but when the call came from the government for five hundred men to serve in the war, it was decided that this would be impossible. So the exiles, after raising the five hundred men later known as the "Mormon Battalion," moved across the Missouri River and established themselves at a place about two miles farther west, called Cutler's Park. Soon, however, they moved to the west bank of the river and established a settlement called Winter Quarters.

*(Continued on page 537)*

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### THE LONELY GRAVE

THERE'S a lonely grave by a long, long trail,  
Where a tired mother sleeps.

The grasses sigh, as the winds pass by,  
And the stars their vigil keep.

The grave was made years, years ago,  
When the pioneers went west.

One mournful day on that weary way,  
Another was laid at rest.

On a wagon tire that had borne her far,  
They cut the mother's name;  
And marked the mound, then with sobbing sound—  
Went on, hearts filled with pain.

The grasses hid the lonely mound;  
The stars kept watch o'er the trail,  
Through the long, long years, till new pioneers  
Came to lay the iron rail.

The grave was found by these rugged men;  
It stood in their right of way;  
Yet with tender care, they left it there;  
Changed the grade, that it might stay.

This lonely grave by the long, long trail  
Now does its sacred part,  
To keep through the years our brave pioneers,  
And our love of the mother heart.

HOWARD R. DRIGGS

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THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1930

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## EDITORIAL

### PIONEERS

JUST eighty-three years ago to-day, Brigham Young, at the head of a handful of men, three women and two children, looked over a vast, desolate valley for the first time and dramatically exclaimed: "This is the place!"

Behind them lay great mountain peaks, deep canyons, and extensive, uninhabited plains. There were no railroads; they had traveled by oxteam and horseback, following a mere trail barely discernible. They had crossed twelve hundred miles of barren country, building bridges and roads as they went. Behind them, also, were thousands of their fellow religionists, some on their way, others preparing to follow.

Desperate mobocrats had driven them from their homes and robbed them of their few earthly possessions. For many, it was some time before enough provisions and a wagon and team could be assembled for the great march. Others, in their hurried exodus, transported their belongings by handcarts, walking the great distance.

Many times a halt was called in the march while some dear sister or brother in the faith, worn out by the hardships of the journey, was laid at final rest on the wayside. But onward they went, encouraged by their leaders, urged on by the testimony of truth in their hearts. Facing perils, famine, death, they toiled with a song and a prayer on their lips, often recognizing and feeling the power of the Almighty when even hope seemed all but lost.

To provide for their families and fellow sufferers, who were enroute, the first arrivals immediately set to plowing the parched soil, and planted of their own grains and seeds, although supplies were low. Land was cleared and prepared for occupation; huts were built to shelter the weak and weary. Each succeeding company as it arrived—though its members were footsore, worn out, with barely enough clothing to cover their bodies—joined with the others in building up a great community. Over a thousand miles of wilderness separated them from civilization. The stern realities of life confronted them. Of necessity, they had to "do or die." These people, thrifty, diligent and progressive as they were, soon established industries, schools, and built places for worship. In a short time, prosperous cities and towns dotted a great western territory.



But good resulted from these trials. Those weak in the faith were either strengthened or were weeded out. There was no place for weaklings. Only Saints with a firm testimony were desired in the valleys of the mountains; for modern Israel had been led there to be nurtured for a season and become a mighty people. A posterity was to be raised up to serve as instruments in spreading truth and righteousness far and wide.

We bare our heads in remembrance of those who were called to rest during this great trek. To those sturdy men and women who survived and built up a civilization in a desert land, this issue is humbly dedicated.

WILLIAM D. CALLISTER.

## STORIES OF THE PIONEER TRAIL

*(Concluded from page 535)*

Here, as at Garden Grove and Mt. Pisgah, the brethren arranged for sheltering and caring for their brethren and sisters through the coming winter. The people were called together and twenty-two wards organized with a bishop over each ward. These bishops were instructed in their duties, and special stress was laid upon the necessity of looking after the poor and sick and the families of those who had gone into the war.

In council with the brethren, President Young decided that the best way to keep peace with the Indians was to build a house for them; so Reynolds Cahoon, Ira Eldredge and Stephen Markham were appointed a committee to take fifty men and construct this house for the Omaha Indians.

The Saints built a flour mill, a council house, an octagon building where Willard Richards directed "The Church Historian's Office." Other houses for meetings and dwellings were also erected. Strict admonitions were given against the use of profanity and breaking of the Sabbath. All were admonished to lead pure and consistent lives.

Christmas day was celebrated in a very quiet, yet appropriate manner. At the close of 1846, the exiles had built 538 log houses and 83 sod houses. The Saints numbered 3,483 souls, of whom 334 were sick. They also had 814 wagons, 145 horses, 29 mules, 388 yoke of oxen and 463 cows.

It was from this place that the pioneers set out for the Rocky Mountains in April of 1847. Here thousands of Saints fitted out their teams for the long trek to the valleys of the mountains.

### MEETING THE WESTERN TRAPPERS

In the spring of 1847, the pioneers left the camp at Winter Quarters and commenced their journey westward. After passing through many hardships incident to pioneer travel, they came to Fort Laramie, and about 175 miles farther on reached a splendid

stopping place called Pacific Spring. Here they met a trapper by the name of Moses Harris, or Blask Harris, as he was called by the trappers. He gave the pioneers a very unfavourable report concerning the founding of a colony in the country known as the "Great Basin."

When the pioneers reached the Little Sandy, they met Jim Bridger, a noted scout and frontiersman. He, too, made a most unfavourable report concerning the valley of the Great Basin, and thought it very imprudent to bring a large population into that region, stating that he would give two hundred pounds for the knowledge that corn could be raised in the Basin. Many have doubted that Bridger made a statement of this kind. As for myself, I believe implicitly in the word of President Young on the subject.

In Salt Lake City, in a sermon delivered on Sunday, July 8th, 1849, the original minutes of which are on file in the Historian's Office, President Young said: "The mountaineers never thought we could raise grain here. Mr. Bridger said he would give one thousand dollars (£200) if he only knew we could raise an ear of corn. I knew in the temple of Nauvoo that we could raise grain here."

#### THE END OF THE TRAIL

When the carriage in which President Young was riding reached the summit of Big Mountain, he asked the driver to stop and turn the carriage around. Here the eyes of the Prophet leader beheld the Great Salt Lake Valley—the valley which he had already seen in vision—the valley, too, that Joseph the Prophet had likewise beheld and to which he had prophesied, five years previously, the Saints would be driven.

The Spirit of Light rested upon the sick and toil-worn body of the Prophet Brigham, and also hovered over the valley, and he knew they had reached the end of the trail and that the Saints would here find protection and safety.—*Improvement Era*, Vol. 31, pages 731-39.

#### THE ARRIVAL

THE complete entry in Wilford Woodruff's Journal for—

"July 24th, 1847: This is an important day in the history of my life and the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. On this important day, after traveling from our encampment six miles through deep ravine-valley ending with the canyon through the Last Creek, we came in full view of the great valley or basin (of the) Salt Lake and the land of promise held in reserve by the hand of God for a resting place for the Saints upon which a portion of the Zion of God will be built. We gazed with wonder and admiration upon the vast, rich,

fertile valley which lay for about twenty-five miles in length and sixteen miles in width, clothed with the heaviest garb of green vegetation in the midst of which lay a large lake of salt water of — miles in extent, in which could be seen large islands and mountains towering towards the clouds; also a glorious valley abounding with the best fresh water springs, riverlets, creeks, brooks and rivers of various sizes all of which gave animation to the sporting trout and other fish, while the waters were wending their way into the Great Salt Lake.

“Our hearts were surely made glad after a hard journey—from Winter Quarters—of twelve hundred miles through flats of Platte River and steeps of the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains, and burning sands of the eternal sage region, and willow swales and rocky canyons and stumps and stones—to gaze upon a valley of such vast extent entirely surrounded with a perfect chain of everlasting hills and mountains, covered with eternal snows, with their innumerable peaks like pyramids towering towards heaven, presenting at one view the grandest and most sublime scenery that could be obtained on the globe. Thoughts of pleasing meditation ran in rapid succession through our minds while we contemplated that not many years hence and that the House of God would stand upon the top of the mountains, while the valleys would be converted into orchards, vineyards, gardens and fields by the inhabitants of Zion, the standard be unfurled for the nations to gather thereto.

“President Young expressed his full satisfaction in the appearance of the valley as a resting place for the Saints, and was amply repaid for his journey. After gazing awhile upon the scenery, we traveled across the table lands into the valley four miles, to the encampment of our brethren who had arrived two days before us. They had pitched their encampment upon the bank of two small streams of pure water, and had commenced plowing and had broken about five acres of ground and commenced planting potatoes. As soon as we were located in the encampment, before I took my dinner, having one-half bushel of potatoes, I repaired to the plowed field and planted my potatoes, hoping with the blessings of God at least to save the seed for another year. The brethren had dammed up one of the creeks and dug a trench, and by night nearly the whole ground was irrigated with water. We found the ground very dry. Towards evening, in company with Brothers Kimball, Smith and Benson, I rode several miles up the creek into the mountains to look for timber and see the country, etc. There was a thunder shower, and it extended nearly over the whole valley; also it rained some the forepart of the night. We felt thankful for this as it was the general opinion that it did not rain in the valley during the summer time.”—*A Comprehensive History of the Church*, Vol. 3, pages 230-1.

## GOD'S MERCY

IN the early summer of 1848, just before the return of Brigham Young and the main body of the pioneers, occurred a tragic devastation. The thrifty settlers had denied themselves during the trying winter that they might have seeds and grain to plant for a plenteous harvest the following season. They well knew how they would need it. Just as the crops were giving promise of a much needed harvest, swarms of crickets hovered over the plowed lands like a devastating army, darkening the earth for miles around, eating off every blade of grain and every growing thing. Men, women and children tried to fight them for days, in every possible manner; they were driven into ditches where they were set on fire. But in vain their toil. Every possible means of extinguishing the pests was tried and the people were in despair. They were powerless to beat back the black hordes of the destroyers. The land was as a scorched and flame-swept field. The tragedy was theirs—and God's! They had given their all into the bosom of Mother Earth!

John Young thus describes his own experience during the cricket plague. The family had settled just out of City Creek Canyon.

“As the summer crept on, and the scant harvest drew nigh, the fight with the crickets commenced. O, how we fought and prayed and battled against the myriads of black, loathsome insects that flowed down like a flood of filthy water from the mountainside. And we should surely have been inundated, and swept into oblivion, save for the merciful Father's sending of the blessed sea gulls to our deliverance.

“The first I knew of the gulls, I heard their sharp cry. Upon looking up, I beheld what appeared like a vast flock of pigeons coming from the northwest. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. My brother Franklin and I were trying to save an acre of wheat of father's, growing not far from where the Salt Lake Theatre now stands. The wheat was just beginning to turn yellow. The crickets would climb the stalk, bite off the head, then come down and eat it. To prevent this, my brother and I each took an end of a long rope, stretched it full length, then walked through the grain holding the rope so as to hit the heads, and thus knock the crickets off. From sunrise till sunset we kept at this labour; for as darkness came the crickets sought shelter, but with the rising of the sun they commenced their ravages again.

“I have been asked how numerous were the gulls? There must have been thousands of them. Their coming was like a great cloud; and when they passed between us and the sun, a shadow covered the field. I could see the gulls settling for more than a

mile around us. They were very tame, coming within four or five yards of us.

"At first we thought that they, also, were after the wheat, and this added to our terror; but we soon discovered that they devoured only the crickets. Needless to say, we quit drawing the rope, and let our gentle visitors have full possession of the field. As I remember it, the gulls came every morning for about three weeks, when their mission was apparently ended, and they ceased coming. The precious crops were saved.

"I have met those who were skeptical about the gulls being sent by Divine Providence, for the salvation of our people; but I believe it most firmly, as witness the preparedness of the Indians. They kept hand baskets purposely made to put in the creeks to catch the loathsome insects as they floated down the streams, and then made them into silage that would keep for months. Their skill in this convinces me that the coming of the crickets had been continuous for ages. Nor had the cricket crop ever been interrupted before until our people came, and the coming of the gulls checked the increase of the loathsome insects."—*The Life Story of Brigham Young*, pages 97-99.

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## EXPERIENCES OF THE PLAINS

FOLLOWING is a letter from G. A. Smith to Orson Pratt, at that time editor of the *Milennial Star*, wherein is contained an insight into the experiences of Saints journeying across the plains. This company, as it will be noted, made this trek over two years after the original band, and conditions were improved. The letter was written when the journey was about one-fourth completed.

Camp of Israel, Indian Territory, Sandy Bluffs,  
280 miles from Winter Quarters,  
August 12, 1849.

Dear Brother O. Pratt,—This morning, while the rain is wetting our canvas and bids fair for a stormy day, I thought I would send you a hasty sketch of our journey thus far on our way to the Salt Lake. . . .

First, then, I left home and went into camp on the 23rd day of June last, after months' exertion of labour and toil, and at last was obliged to borrow ten yoke of cattle to roll into camp with. However, I have got along tolerably well, for which I feel truly thankful. We left Winter Quarters on the 14th day of July, with about one hundred and thirty wagons. At the Platte Liberty Pole, for convenience, herding, etc., we divided the company into two camps, denominated G. A. Smith's camp, including the Welsh company (under Captain Dan Jones, consisting of some twenty-five wagons), and E. T. Benson's, including the

Norwegian company, making two camps, yet traveling and encamping near each other all the while. Our progress, thus far, you will perceive has been slow, owing to the wet, muddy and miry state of the roads, rendered so by the incessant rains we have experienced since we left the Elk Horn; indeed it has been shower after shower of wind, rain, thunder, lightning, and hail. There has been no scarcity of water all through this Indian country; nearly every creek that was dry heretofore when the emigrating companies passed, has now plenty of water in it, and the grass on the prairies is very little behind the prolific yield of the prairies of Illinois.

We are now encamped on Sknuk Creek, near the Sandy Bluff—plenty of wood, water and rich pasture. Our cattle stand the journey thus far very well; our camps are enjoying health and peace; no deaths, losses, or serious accidents have occurred in our midst. Surely the angel of mercy and protection is round about, and goes before the camps of Israel, and may he still continue to go before us to preserve our lives, our cattle, herds, wagons and provisions—vanquish the destroyer, guide and protect us safely to our destined haven.

There were two or three stampedes among our cattle, until we adopted the plan of chaining and tying them up every night; since then we have had no stampedes, but our cattle have rested in quietness. We corral our horses, sheep and loose cattle inside, our oxen outside of the corral, which we think the best and safest way. . . . No one who has not witnessed a stampede of cattle on these plains has any idea of the terrors and dangers and losses that sometimes accompany them. Contemplate a camp of fifty or one hundred wagons all corraled, with about a thousand head of cattle, oxen, steers, cows, etc., with some three to five hundred souls, consisting of men, women and children, all wrapt in midnight slumber, with every prospect of peace and quietness when they retired to rest in their wagons under their frail canvas covering, with the guards pacing their several rounds, crying the hour of the night, etc.—then all of a sudden, a roar equal to distant thunder which causes the ground to shake, is heard; the bellowing and roaring of furious, maddened and frightened cattle, with the cracking of yokes, breaking of chains and sometimes of wagons, is heard—away they go, rushing furiously over guards or anything else that is not invulnerable to them. Hear the guard cry out: “A stampede! every man in camp turn out!” Horses are mounted, and through the storm and darkness of the night, with the rifle in hand, the roar and sound of the cattle are followed; sometimes rivers are swam, and hundreds of head of cattle are lost; but if success attend, in an hour or two, sometimes longer, they are brought back, but not quieted, to the camp, where the women and children, affrighted from being roused from slumber by such terrific wars, had been left with armed guards to

protect them from the Indians, who roam over these plains in countless numbers, merely in the quest of plunder, and perhaps had been the cause of frightening the cattle and causing the stampede. Such, in brief, is a stampede; but it must be witnessed to be realized. Capt. Owens (Judge Owens of Hancock county, Illinois), with a company of gold hunters, had a stampede a few weeks ago about seventy miles from here, and lost upwards of one hundred head. They were found near Fort Childs by Captain Allen Taylor's company of Saints, and returned to them a few days after. The cattle traveled one hundred and thirty miles in thirty-six hours. . . .

We are composed of Yankees, English, Welsh, Norwegian, etc., yet we are one, although of different dialects and nations. The English are doing first rate, as also the Welsh. They are well fitted out with teams and provisions; are in good spirits, are joyful, and make the camp resound with the songs of Zion in the evening after corraling. Captain Dan Jones understands his duty, and surely he has done nobly in building up the Kingdom of God in his native land, and conducting the company he has across the mighty deep. Surely their prosperity and rejoicing should stimulate their brethren to imitate their example.

There are three companies of Saints ahead of us: Captain Gully's, with President O. Spencer, Captain Allred's and Captain Richards'. Captain Samuel Gully went out last spring as captain of one hundred in Brother Spencer's company, and on the 3rd of August last we discovered his grave and another, Henry Vanderhoof, of the same company but not a member of the Church, neatly sodded over, and head boards with inscriptions upon them about one hundred eighty miles from Winter Quarters, from which we learned that Brother Gully died of cholera, July 5th, 1849, and Vanderhoof on the 4th. We have also since learned with regret, from the gold diggers who returned after their lost cattle referred to, that the same company at the Loup Fork lost one man by drowning; another the Indians shot while out hunting. Four had died of cholera, and two more had been severely injured by cattle in a stampede. At Prairie Creek we saw the grave of an infant son of Joseph Egbert, who died July 27th, 1849, aged seven months.

We saw Brother T. D. Brown of Liverpool. He paid us a visit while crossing the Missouri River, but in the bustle and hurry we had not time to converse a great deal. He was in good health and spirits, although his business was a little complicated. He rejoiced to behold the camp, and only wished he was ready to go along. He tarries at Kanessville. Sister Smith sends her respects to you and Sister Pratt, and thanks for the presents received. She, together with Sister Benson, wrote a letter at the Horn to

Sister Pratt, which we hope she has received. Farewell. May the Lord bless and prosper you for ever. Amen.

G. A. SMITH.

W. I. Appleby, Clerk and Journalist of the Camp.

—*Millennial Star*, Vol. 11, pages 346-8.

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## FROM THE MISSION FIELD

**Arrivals and Assignments:** The following missionaries arrived at Plymouth on July 10th, aboard the *America*, for the British Mission, and have been thus assigned: Archie Lee Brown, Jr., Salt Lake City, Utah, to the London District; Carl Condie, St. George, Utah, and LeGrand Gentry Sharp, Salt Lake City, Utah, to the Manchester District; Perry LaMont Watkins, Alexander Raine Curtis and Moroni Harold Brown, Salt Lake City, Utah, to the Nottingham District; Dix W. Price, Phoenix, Arizona, to the Sheffield District.

**Doings in the Districts:** *Bristol*—At Shaugh Bridge, near Plymouth, a baptismal service was held on July 2nd at which three persons were baptized by Elder Bernard P. Brockbank. After retiring to a place in the woods, they were confirmed by President David H. Huish, and Elders Bernard P. Brockbank and Bert W. Bellamy.

The members and friends of the Bristol Branch M. I. A. participated in a ramble to Blandon Hill Park on July 1st. After games had been played, all joined in a climb to the top of Cabot's Tower where a beautiful view of the surrounding country was enjoyed.

*Liverpool*—On Saturday, July 5th, the Blackburn Branch Bee-Hive girls enjoyed a splendid evening's entertainment at the home of Brother Thompson.

*Manchester*—The members of the Manchester District were granted the privilege of going through the plant of the Allied Newspaper Publishing House on Saturday, July 5th. In the evening, a district union meeting was held, and auxiliary and branch problems were discussed. A delightful program followed.

*Ulster*—On July 4th, in recognition of Independence Day, the missionaries and members of the District enjoyed a baseball game and a football match, followed by a social held in the Belfast Branch hall in the evening. A well prepared program proved highly entertaining, and the games played and refreshments served were thoroughly enjoyed.

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BRITISH MISSION ADDRESS: A. WILLIAM LUND, PRESIDENT, 23 BOOTH STREET, HANDSWORTH, BIRMINGHAM

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